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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIV. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 19, 1899. NUMBER 8.

WHAT THEY SAY OF THE BOSTON CONGRESS.

From Vice-President Rev. R. Heber Newton, New York:

By the spring a fine list of speakers ought to fill out the admirable program and all go very well. Better postponement than a poor show. I will write you again shortly with suggestions. Keep up and go ahead.

From William H. Tolman, Secretary League for Social Service, New York:

I think your decision to postpone is a very wise one in view of the many celebrations in Boston, New York and other cities. I shall be glad to fit into your program then.

From Charles Sprague Smith, Managing Director of the Peoples' Institute, Carnegie, N. Y.:

I confess to relief in receiving your letter of recent date. I am ready to come and give a talk on our solution of the Sunday problem for the masses. I doubt not that the meeting when held will be entirely successful and if it does not conflict with other engagements I shall be glad to take part.

From Dr. Lewis G. Janes, Chairman of the Local Committee, Cambridge, Mass.:

I am glad to see that you are to have a State Congress in Illinois. What we want all over the country is to strengthen and develop local organizations. After a while they will federate. Why cannot this principle be recognized and extended between now and April?

From Rev. Leighton Williams, Secretary of the Brotherhood of the Brotherhood of the Kingdom and Secretary of the New York State Conference of Religion, New York:

I regret the necessity of postponement and shall still hope to serve you when the Congress finally convenes.

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The gullibility of the average consumer of merchandise of all kinds is well known and the ability of "Shrewd" (we should say dishonest) merchants to palm off imitations of articles which have gained a reputation and are demanded by name is also well known. In making small and insignificant purchases it is not to be wondered at that consumers can often be induced to accept substitutes or articles which are claimed to be "just as good" by the interested merchant, but when it comes to articles of value which are likely to be used the greater part of a lifetime, we think the purchasers of such goods are as foolish as the merchant is dishonest if they allow themselves to buy anything but just exactly what is asked for by name. As a glaring instance of what can be done in this connection, we desire to name but one very well-known article of household use—to show what is often attempted and sometimes accomplished. As long ago as 1882 The Michigan Stove Company of Detroit, Chicago and Buffalo placed upon the market a complete line of cooking and heating apparatus for all kinds of fuel and of the highest possible degree of merit—which they marketed under the name of "Garland" stoves and ranges, and this name was applied to but the highest grade or quality of each type of stove or range, their products were an electric success and the name "Garland" has always stood as the symbol of goods of first grade only, and are to-day the only goods of their kind sold under any trade names which are not made in several qualities. Other stovemakers, counting, no doubt upon the credence of the public, commenced to apply a trade name to lines of goods varying in quality from very good down to the cheapest and most inferior grades, and then imitated the shape and style of the "Garland" trademark, even to the shape and arrangement of the lettering—copying even the colors in "Garland" posters, imitating the designs of "Garland"—with the result that many unscrupulous stove merchants have been successful in selling third and fourth grade imitations of "Garlands" upon the statement that what they offered were "just as good," etc. The courts have closed the factories of some of the most shameless of these imitators, enjoined others, and yet there are those who escape the pale of the law and continue to dupe the public—whom, we repeat, are themselves to blame for not insisting upon having a "Garland" and nothing else.

The above is but one of many instances which might be cited, but it is sufficient to show that it is not only upon small articles of merchandise upon which consumers can be deceived, but large and important ones as well. When will the buying public learn to protect itself?—From "Chicago Times-Herald."

UNITY

VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1899. NUMBER 8.

Our associate, Dr. Hirsch, is giving a series of suggestive discourses on "The Dying Century," giving its achievements and failures, which discourses are being published in "The Reform Advocate." We need not assure our readers that there will be food for reflection in these sermons and that they will do well in procuring the printed copies of the same.

"If we have our rights we will need no favors," is the one-line editorial we clip from an independent exchange. Both the law and the gospel are embodied in this sentence. Too long have we been concerned with favors in the realm of politics, morals and religion. We talk much about sympathy for the deserving poor and compass heaven and earth to help the same, but if they are deserving let us give them their deserts and stop there.

Not only the University of Chicago, but the United States and the cause of historical study everywhere, is suffering a great loss in the illness of Professor Von Holst, which compels him to retire for the present from his active duties of his professorship in the above institution. There is a compliment to Wisconsin as well as an encouragement to American scholarship in the announcement that Professor F. G. Turner of the University of Wisconsin will take the seminar work of Professor Von Holst during his absence. Professor Turner will spend each Saturday in Chicago.

This is the way Professor Frank Parsons of Boston puts it in "The Kingdom:"

> Imagine a baby in the slums with a dozen millionaires for brothers and sisters, all of whom knew he was there, and was their lawful brother in direst need and sore distress. Imagine a baby in slum life with brothers and sisters worth sixty-five billions of property! You can't do it. Yet that's what the brothers and sisters of every baby in the slums of this country possess, according to the brotherhood of man and the census of 1890—nearer seventy-five or eight billions probably, but it might as well be zero, as far as the average slum baby is concerned. It doesn't do any good to be born into Uncle Sam's family, if he is a billionaire, and a multi-billionaire at that, for most of the family won't acknowledge the relationship except with wind.

The appointment of Miss Mary McDowell, head of the University of Chicago Settlement in the stockyard districts, to a place on the educational staff of the department of sociology, is a recognition of the profound movements of the day. The same movement placed Jane Addams and Mrs. Florence Kelley in the teaching forces of the summer school of the university and gave to them the hearing which might well make the titled university men on the staff envious. Neither of these women has a place as yet among the titled professors. What matters as long as young men and women instinctively turn to them for life and guidance?

The "Outlook" has discontinued two of its departments, i. e., "The Religious World" and "The Home Club," and gives as its reason for discontinuing the former that "setting the religious world off into a department by itself is not consistent with the spirit of this paper." We have always thought so. The passion of the editor to classify and to run to "departments" has to reckon with the synthetic spirit of the age. Even the editorial mind cannot successfully keep those things apart which belong together; how much less can the simple and single minded people who are trying to utilize what little information they can get from every source whatsoever in the struggle for excellence, in the attempt to live respectably and to win a right to die happy.

The "Journal of Education" for October 12 has an interesting class exercise prepared for children of grammar grades on "The Evolution of the Hat," accompanied with some thirty-seven different engravings, beginning with the mediæval helmet and ending with the young French woman's poke bonnet of the eighteenth century. We regret that the clever school-teacher did not continue the illustration down to the latest feather decorated hat of an up-to-date woman. The whole would enable the devotee of fashion to see at a glance the road over which she came and to realize that most of the latest ladies' bonnets "represent the cast-off styles of the men of the long ago," for instance the Frenchman of the seventeenth century wore a hat that would be quite becoming to the young miss of Chicago on her vacation outing; and the sixteenth century hat of the military officer is not a bad type for the opera hat of the lady of the nineteenth. A little further study might find the evolution of morals as well as the evolution of art in this hat panorama.

Underneath the pulpit justifications both of the American invasion of the Philippines and now the English invasion of Africa, lies the unchristian assumption that violence can humanize and murder reform. A Chicago preacher last Sunday said: "The Boers are narrow-minded and bigoted. Sooner or later they must get out of the way." Granted, is this the Christian way of fighting narrow-mindedness and bigotry? Are these to be removed from the world by shooting at their representatives? Is powder the liberalizing power in history, and are we to recruit soldiers to invade all the camps of bigotry and narrow-mindedness? Then is it not time to lay seige to many of our churches and make quick work of the dogmatic spirit in the pulpit? This is familiar argument in these days, as applied to another section of the world. The Filipinos are ignorant, half clothed, incapable of providing for themselves such a government as we the United States would give them; therefore, we are justified in invading their territory. In short, we will

slaughter them into republicanism. Are we to extend this argument to include the semi-naked dwellers of all the tropical realms? The question resolves itself into the missionary power of war. Are we entering the twentieth century with no higher weapons for reform and progress than battleships and dum-dum bullets?

Secretary of War Root is being complimented by the press as having ingeniously solved the chaplain perplexity concerning the new regiments that are being sent to the Philippines. No provision having been made for chaplaincy of the same, Secretary Root proposes to give certain governmental favors, such as transportation and provisions, to the Y. M. C. A. organizations, who, with gospel tents and similar equipments, are to follow up the army. The methods and spirit of the Y. M. C. A. are well understood. They will follow up with an active evangelistic propaganda which will doubtless be agreeable and profitable to a certain percentage of soldiers, but it will also be an offense to a large number of others. To the Catholic, Jewish, Liberal Christian and free-thinking constituency, their methods will oftentimes be distasteful and their arguments trying. Is it right for the government to give its support to this sectarian expression of Christianity? In these columns we have often expressed our distrust of the whole system of army chaplaincy. A secular government such as the United States has little right to deal in ecclesiastical appointments, support or propagation, still less has it any right to suppress or interfere with such free expression of religion on the part of its subjects, civil or military, as they may elect for themselves. When the perfunctory chaplain is done away with, then those who believe in the power of religion and morals, both within and outside the army, will take the matter in hand, elect their own methods and sustain their own ministry. Secretary Root has hit upon the very worst solution of the problem possible. Of course, the Y. M. C. A. should be permitted, and when not interfering with other rights be protected in their work. But so, also, should the Jews and the Catholics and the representatives of liberal religion be permitted to work on the same footing, with the same government patronage and with no more.

Edwin D. Mead of the "New England Magazine" recently attended church in the good old town of Salem, Mass., and there he heard an English Congregationalist preach from the text, "Give and it shall be given unto you," and the preacher said:

> Nations, like men, if they pretend to be Christian, should act in a Christian way and trust Christian principles. It is not a Christian procedure for a strong people to seize and subjugate a weak people, to steal their land, to tyrannize over them, to deny them a voice in their own affairs, and to refuse to treat them like brothers. The nation that does this sort of thing cannot expect God's blessing, and will not have it. It is not laying up treasures in heaven by such doings; and it is also not laying up treasure on earth, in any fruitful, sure or sensible way. It is simply sterilizing and hardening the hearts of people whom, by helping, it might make its helpers. It is sowing the seeds of discontent, resentment and a fatal revenge, where it might sow the seed which would bring forth thirty, sixty or a hundred fold, in gratitude, reinforcement and co-operation. If a nation does not give, it will not be given to; and if it gives tyranny, it will get back rebellion—such is the good law of the good God.

Mr. Mead says that the preacher with rare courtesy drew his illustrations all from his own country. It was one more protest coming out of the heart of England against English appeal to arms for rights that could better be secured in other ways. His voice blended with those of Morley, Courtney, Harcourt, Herbert Spencer and Canon Hicks of the Manchester Cathedral, who, preaching in his great minster, recently said: "The Boers ask for a court of arbitration about the settlement of standing questions that rise out of the conventions. If we grant this arbitration in return for the gift of the franchise (and why should we not), it seems clear that peace is assured." "The Two Englands and Their Lessons for America," from which the above extracts are taken, is a sixteen-page pamphlet, reprinted from the Editor's Table of the "New England Magazine" for October. We wish all our readers would see this word either in pamphlet or in the magazine.

"The Fly in the Ointment."

In the most extensively reported western speech of President McKinley that we have seen, that given before the soldiers of South Dakota, he undertook a somewhat elaborate vindication of his Philippine war. After first claiming complete title of the archipelago because we had bought it from Spain, "and we" owned it "as much as any other part of our annexations," he proceeded to justify possession on high ethical grounds. We were there as dispensers of civilization and the makers of a better government than they could otherwise have, but the speech ended with confident assertions as to the unquestioned wealth of the islands, their mineral and industrial resources, hence its great desirability. Evidently this was the oratorical climax to that audience, but it was an ethical anti-climax to the moralist. Ah, those undeveloped coal mines and the unfarmed sugar fields, the unutilized forests! Here is "the fly in the ointment." Did these belong to Spain or to the natives? Did Spain have a right to sell the landed wealth of those who were born upon the soil and have all the title that individuals can ever show to the natural wealth of the world?

The same anti-climax is apparent in the oratory, spoken or written, that justifies the present lamentable English war in Africa. Beginning with the groan of the disfranchised it ends with the diamond mines at Kimberly, and more persuasive than the appeal to magna charta or to Bible text are the statistics compiled from the aggregations, acquisitions and encroachments of Cecil Rhodes, the unsavory plutocrat of English Africa.

Another "fly in the ointment" is found in the short-cut logic that assumes in both the defense of the United States and of England, that where wrongs exist and invested rights are invaded, war is the only remedy and that the appeal to battle is justifiable. All this while there still rings in our ears the echoes of the preacher plaudits of the congress at The Hague, the benignity of arbitration and the possibility of adjudication between nations as between individuals. Evidently there is need of dividing the argument and then

of dividing the question. Even the boasted civilized conscience of the white man has not thought itself clear upon these complicated questions.

As we go to press the delegates are assembling from East and from West to attend the first attempt at a widely representative consultation over our present war problems. Our readers will learn through other sources something of the success of the Anti-Imperialist Conference now gathering at Central Music Hall before they read these lines, and in subsequent issues they will, of course, hear of it through these columns. Meanwhile, we bespeak the patience of those who differ from us. This we deem our legitimate right in view of the sincerity with which we hold our conviction and the recognition we give of equal sincerity on their part. On the part of those of our readers who agree with us we urge still more patience with those who differ, in view of the fact that we are still living under the shadow of monarchy and are in the toils of an age long and world-wide militarism. Christianity itself has not yet ceased to be militant, religion has scarcely yet reached its pacific poise. Those who differ from us are also in the main actuated by patriotic motives and humanitarian considerations, and if there lurks a "fly in their ointment" it is but fair to say that they are in the main unconscious of its existence.

In assuming the high grounds of democracy for those who differ from us and those who may encroach upon our rights, we accept for ourselves a standard of patience and sympathy which it is difficult to live up to. Let us beware lest there be "a fly in our own ointment" and we be found hating where we ought to love, trying to compel those whom we ought to lure, to ridicule those whom we ought to pity and to antagonize those with whom we ought to find common ground and make common cause.

Let us beware of "the fly in the ointment."

Notes By E. P. Powell.

Our Literary Standing.—It is an interesting question what is the literary standing of the American people at the close of the century, as compared with an earlier period. The output of books is enormously increasing and the people are certainly reading more than at any previous period. But what is our standard of judgment and our critical taste? In the '50s our college boys, and largely our high school boys, were steeped in English classics. It was held to be a shame not to be able to determine whether a fine passage came from Macaulay or Wilson or Leigh Hunt or from Jeffreys. The keen satires of James and Horace Smith were read and relished. The British reviewers were as common as text-books. Rather dull fellows knew almost by heart the brilliant essay of Macaulay or Berere, and his crushing analysis of the poet Montgomery. Collegians carried a favorite author in their pockets, and that favorite was likely to be Thompson, or Pope, or possibly Shakespeare. The model for style was Addison or Goldsmith or Kit North. In fiction we relished Scott, and schoolboys of no high literary pretense carried about cheap copies of Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales."

Have we gained or lost in taste and culture? The most popular book of 1899 has been "David Harum," a novel that meets no standard of literary or intellectual judgment. It has but one fairly fine character in it, while the rest are commonplace or of a boorish sort. The most approved incident is a sharp horse trade—thoroughly lacking in moral sentiment. The book is in every sense of the word on a very low literary scale, yet it has sold up into the tens of thousands. On the other hand, "The Latimers," a novel by Dr. McCook, presents a very high scale of qualities, but has hardly been heard of. It fell flat from the press. This certainly was not owing entirely to the publishers or to the critic.

We cannot forget the passage of "Trilby" and the great popularity of Hall Caine's books. Nor is it in the least comforting to know that Tolstoi's outre productions are still acceptable to Anglo-Saxon readers. Merely as literary productions they do not compare with the work of Gogol, but the latter is hardly known outside of Russia. His circle of readers is narrow, both in England and in America. As moral standards what call have we to wade through the marsh of Slavic emotional life—invariably breathing miasma? If the Russian has still to solve the question of monogamy let him do so. It is no longer a question with an Anglo-Saxon whether he should be true to his marriage bonds—or ought not to be.

It is not altogether satisfactory to find that in historical literature we are steadily passing away from the sectional and the partisan—because, while we are gaining in truth, we are losing in style. England has recently sent us one historical work, however, that is as masterly in method as in the array of facts. I refer to Trevelyan's "History of the American Revolution," a book that meets the highest demands of criticism. The style would have passed muster in the days of Sydney Smith, Jeffreys and Macaulay. But then Trevelyan is Macaulay's son-in-law and has breathed the literary atmosphere of the critical age. Every one of his sentences is chiseled and wrought upon as one who handles marble. Everywhere we find what Horace called the thumb-nail finish.

Is Kipling an ideal? Is he to displace the poets of the earlier part of the century. Is the Whitmanesque school to discharge Tennyson, Shelley and Wordsworth? Half that Mr. Kipling offers us in the "Seven Seas" will go into the waste-basket of his own generation. Little of the rest will bother the critic of 1950. Another brightest meteor in verse is Prof. Markham. His "Man With the Hoe" is an exaltation of the pessimism which has fought its way into the social sentiment of our age, and is now working its way into literature. We have no quarrel with the magnificent production of Millet. But Mr. Markham's interpretation of Millet's picture is untrue to the doctrine of evolution and false to labor. Agriculture has been depressed by the steam age, relatively to the other industries, but this "man with the hoe" is not the laborer of the nineteenth century. The poem catches what John Fiske calls the cosmic sense and is unquestionably powerful where it is not true.

Make the best of it or the worst of it, we must consider this an off-clearing era—as Carlyle has it, an age that is neither here nor there. We have lost much of finish while we are gaining in directness. But the intensity, the anatomy, the restlessness of our literature is not wholly compensated for by the fact that it manifests a more thorough spirit of honest investigation. "The question always comes first, and no really hopeful work can be done until the problems are thought out and well stated." We may on such terms hope for a quick-coming period of faith and peace. With intellectual and spiritual insight we may hope for a larger degree of literary judgment. It is never possible to separate the ethical and the intellectual in the human progress.

The Ethics of Golf.

Summer schools and golf tournaments share the honors of having given good times to people these last three months. But now that vacations are over I wonder if golf has not helped to a better knowledge of the character of one's self and of other persons than lectures and nature studies have done?

For, in the first place, the etiquette of golf is more vigorous than that of ordinary politeness among pupils and teachers.

Secondly, its penalty for "scrapping" is severe. Then it is no joke to have it said one has not played fair. It is no comfort to win by default, and it is but little comfort to win when one's opponent is largely handicapped.

Thirdly, the game makes one value one's reputation for honesty and skill far more than for merely winning cup or medal. The last "putting ground" can be the scene of high courtesy when the vanquished heartily congratulates the victor, or else it can be the spot where mean side remarks are heard; that the winner's score was unjustly kept or that handicaps were unfairly given, with all the little personal slurs that damp the ardor of enjoyment.

Fourthly, there are constant small opportunities in golf for rising above selfishness. When the grandson of Professor A— found his opponent's ball, thereby enabling his opponent to keep the one point which, if he had lost it, would have given the victory in a close contest to the professor's grandson, the deed was widely reported. The boy did it unconsciously, as part of his heritage in chivalry, but boys and girls, men and women, all over the country knew by their own longings what it meant of quick self-forgetfulness and unflinching integrity to have found that small ball. Yet in almost all tournaments there is more or less "scrapping," the game word for cheating, fussing, jealousy.

Perhaps there are no jealousies at summer schools, but golf, though an ancient game, has not outgrown this defect, wherefore is golf an outdoor training in manners, to say nothing of health.

Sometimes in the "score books" that players carry with them there are homely maxims which could well be rules for polite society. "Put your best foot foremost" also means, "Don't act as if you did not care when you are in company." Be mindful of appearances. "Practice alone makes perfect" is a good rule for everything, everywhere.

"Slow back" signifies in general: Don't relax the tension of your effort till the end is gained; calculate ahead, move slowly, then hit squarely.

"Don't press" is another golf maxim that means socially: Don't get excited, keep cool and then do your level best. "Keep your eye on the ball" is the same as saying: Don't lose sight of your purpose. And "never up, never in" is a warning to be neither too elated nor too despairing. "The length of a stroke depends more on accuracy than on physical force" is only another way of applying the universal truth that comprehension and skill are more essential to success than brute force.

"Blame not your caddie nor your club when the fault lies with yourself" is a worthy maxim for inculcating the truth: Don't make scapegoats of other people and don't indulge in self-excuses.

Surely such mottoes show that golf is what its friends claim it to be—one of the fine arts and also one of the exact sciences.

In golf, as in every other game or competitive trial, somebody has to be beaten that someone else may win, or vice versa. But the fun in winning lies not in the prize that is gained, nor even in the overcoming of a brave opponent, but in proving one's own skill as being up to the highest standard of excellence. To win as "scratch" means that one has done his level best with no favors granted to help him, and is proof of steady level-headedness. Thus does golf, though a pastime, have an educational value of its own, which merits it a place along with schools in the summer forces that make for character.

The influence of summer schools, however, is most ennobling, and when but part of the vacation is spent in them they furnish healthy stimulus for mind and body. But if one who teaches nine months of the year studies every day of the three hot months of vacation, either as specialist or on general lines, then may she at least play golf half of each of those days. No one needs variety more than a specialist and no one needs vigor more than a teacher. After all, just as it is not the game itself so much as the exercise in the game, alike for mind and body, that makes it of value, so is it not so much the branches taught as the manner of teaching them and the intellectual friendships formed through them that makes the summer schools of value.

The summer school at Tower Hill, Wis., the pyschological and pedagogical courses at Clark University, Worcester, and the Biological Laboratory work at Wood's Hall, Mass., and the general courses at normal summer schools furnish types of the various kinds of influence at work to redeem the summer from wasted hours or undue frivolity.

Still would I plead for a little time in which to do nothing, but just to lie on the crisp pine needles and look up into the sky, or, nicked in some crevice on the rocks, to aimlessly watch the waves—doing nothing, thinking nothing—just letting one's self go in thought, here, there, everywhere, nowhere.

Beatific rest, healthy resupply to tired nerves, unconscious recreation of one's best self. Beautiful summer making one happy unawares.

—BY KATE GANNETT WELLS.

The Evenin' Hymn.

When the hot summer daylight is dyin',
And the mist through the valley has rolled,
And the soft velvet clouds to the west'ard
Are purple with trimmin's of gold,
Then, down in the medder-grass, dusky,
The crickets chirp out from each nook,
And the frogs, with their voices so husky,
Jine in from the marsh and the brook.

The chorus grows louder and deeper,
An owl sends a hoot from the hill,
The leaves on the elm-trees are rustlin',
A whippoorwill calls by the mill;
Where swamp honeysuckles are bloomin',
The breeze scatters sweets on the night,
Like incense the evenin' perfumin',
With fireflies fer candles alight.

And the noise of the frogs and the crickets
And the birds and the breeze air to me
Lots better than high-toned suppraners,
Although they don't git to "high C."
And the church, with its grand painted skylight,
Seems cramped and forbiddin' and grim,
Side of my old front porch in the twilight,
When God's choir sings its "Evenin' Hymn."

Saturday Evening Post. —*Joe Lincoln.*

Houghton, Mifflin & Company make tempting promises of a new volume by Colonel Higginson on his "contemporaries," which means first-hand glimpses of Emerson, Theodore Parker, Whitman, H. H., and many other of the friends that are near and dear to the American student and thinker.

Good Poetry.

Of Youth and Age.

Spring at her height on a morn at prime,
Sails that laugh from a flying squall,
Pomp of harmony, rapture of rhyme—
Youth is the sign of them, one and all.
Winter sunsets and leaves that fall,
An emptied flagon, a folded page,
A tumble-down wheel, a tattered ball—
These are the type of the world of Age.

Bells that clash in a gaudy chime,
Swords that clatter in onsets tall,
The words that ring and the fames that climb—
Youth is the sign of them, one and all.
Hymnals old in a dusty stall,
A bald, blind bird in a crazy cage,
The scene of a faded festival—
These are a type of the world of Age.

Hours that strut as the heirs of time,
Deeds whose rumor's a clarion-call,
Songs where the singers their souls sublime—
Youth is the sign of them, one and all.
A staff that rests in a nook of wall,
A reeling battle, a rusted gage,
The chant of a nearing funeral—
These are a type of the world of Age.

ENVOY.

Struggle and Turmoil, revel and brawl—
Youth is the sign of them, one and all.
A smouldering hearth and a silent stage—
These are a type of the world of Age.

—*Henley.*

Courage.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you, I find no bitterness at all,
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack,
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears,
Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow shine.
Grateful I take His slightest gift, no fears,
Nor any doubts, are mine.

Dark skies must clear; and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year.
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound His voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be.
I must be glad and grateful to the end.
I grudge you not your cold and darkness,—me
The flowers of light befriend.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

Rev. Anna Howard Shaw of Washington, D. C., is a very eloquent speaker as well as an able theologian. On one occasion she occupied a pulpit temporarily, and had in the congregation a clergyman who was strongly opposed to women divines. At the end of the service, which he had seemed to enjoy, he was asked if he had changed his opinions. He replied slowly:

"Not to a great extent. Before I heard her I thought women were incapable of filling a pulpit acceptably; now, however, I believe that they are too capable altogether for the good of us incumbents."—Saturday Evening Post.

The Pulpit.

A Sermon of Chicago.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Delivered in All Souls Church, Chicago, October 15, 1899.

"Is it a time for you yourselves to dwell in your ceiled houses, while this house lieth waste? Now therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts: Consider your ways. Ye have sown much, and bring in little; ye eat, but ye have not enough; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink; ye clothe you, but there is none warm; and he that earneth wages earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes."—Haggai I; 4, 5, 6.

The Chicago jubilee for 1899 is over. The noise of the parades, the eloquence of the banquets, the brilliancy of the display have passed through the eye and ear to the brain that is already fast forgetting the impression. The Court of Honor flashed its glory for a week and then the lights were turned off. Eighty-five thousand dollars were burned up, blown away, and five thousand of it still to be scraped from the pockets of the reluctant business men who, after having had time to foot up their additional receipts, are raising the question as to whether it paid. The hotelkeepers contributed generously toward the jubilee fund and they expected returns in the way of additional guest fees. The State street merchants expected the Court of Honor to increase their trade.

But there was in addition to this, let us gladly confess, an element of commendable local enthusiasm, city pride, party energy and national patriotism. It is meet that the President of a great republic like ours should be recognized as the symbolic head of the great humanity he, for the time being, is called upon to represent. It is fitting that the erection of a central building of such vast proportions, such permanence and beauty as it affects, and such far-reaching utility and common interests as the new government building is to represent, should be celebrated with song, speech and ceremony. It was well that the President of the United States should lend his presence to the laying of the corner-stone of this new postoffice of the city of Chicago. It was well that for one day at least the exactions and monotony of toil should be laid aside and that all the people should turn out to see and be seen, to be jostled and tumbled in the holiday throng, finding relaxation and some kind of a rest in the hardest day's work of the year. I believe in processions and holidays; with the growth of industrial equity and civic freedom they will become more numerous and more enjoyed. It is good once in a while to have your individuality roughly handled, your personality ignored and your spiritual isolation lost either through choice or through compulsion in a clumsy plurality, when a certain kind of enforced democracy is thrust upon you, whether you like it or not. I confess that a crowd has a fascination for me. I have not lost the boy's curiosity and eagerness that runs to a fire, follows the circus and is in evidence at a procession.

For this reason I was in it all day last Monday; I saw and heard most of what transpired at the laying of the cornerstone of our great postoffice and in the main enjoyed it, though true to the human nature that is in me, I probably made the vow after it was all over with that I never would be such a fool again.

But in all probability I will, for I believe in the foolishness of childhood and delight in the common life, however expressed. Such a day is of incalculable

spiritual value to a great city like this. It ameliorates both poverty and wealth, invades the dense and pathetic solitude of the beggar and the millionaire. It drives away the loneliness of the reformer and breaks down the exclusiveness of the conservative. On Chicago Day sects were not in evidence, races were not counted and even the most partisan of politicians apologized for his partisanship on that day. And the temerity of the orator that would fly his party arrows in the face of that non-partisan throng and use the flag of our common country on that day as a symbol not of the deep convictions and high aspirations of the whole people, but as the rallying cry of a faction, did it at the peril of his own self-respect and was promptly rebuked by the better elements in his own household.

Believing thus in the day, waiting with pride the rising of the new building, rejoicing from the bottom of my heart in this great text in the bible of life we call Chicago, yearning for her and anxious to consecrate to her service whatever time, thought and power are left me, I try to bring to you this morning a sermon of Chicago. As I honor her, let me not insult her with empty compliment. As I believe in her future, let me not smirch it by even a phrase of indiscriminate applause, unthinking inflation. In the quiet that follows the storm, in the calm of reflection that must come after enthusiasm, in the sober second thought, in the name of religion, in this house of worship and on this day sanctified by association and usage to religion, what is the sermon of Chicago to us to-day? Whereon should rest our thanksgiving for the past, our joy in the present and our hope for the future?

This may seem a useless question at this time, for has it not been answered over and over again this last week in editorial, sermon and the speeches of our visiting and resident orators? We have heard of our unparalleled growth—greater than the fairy story—the rising of this great metropolis out of the mud away out here in the West, of its Phœnix-like resurrection from its ashes, of its present millions and rapidly growing pre-eminence. All of this is true, but to the thoughtful student of history, all this is no indication of a permanent place in the confidence of mankind, no assurance of present strength and no guaranty of future power. Jonah's gourd grew in a day, but it withered in a night. The geography of the world is dotted with ruins of cities that grew perhaps with even greater rapidity than Chicago. The outward growth of this metropolis of the lakes is matched, perhaps exceeded, by the unexpected planting, the prompt sprouting and startling budding, blooming and fruitage of Persepolis, Alexandria and Constantinople. All these cities burst upon human vision, rose to their maximum within a period of time not much longer than that which Chicago has already lived. Persepolis' whole history was rounded up within a compass of two centuries, founded by Darius, destroyed by Alexander, and still at the end of over two thousand years we find there to-day relics of architectural beauty, signs of munificence and metropolitan glory which shame our boasted Chicago. Were some conquering Alexander to apply the torch to Chicago and bring it to its permanent ashes, what monumental ruins a thousand years hence would the traveler find to witness to what was once a city, great in art, letters or religion? Even in modern times Chicago holds no monopoly of such questionable glory as comes from hasty growth. Edwin D. Mead has recently been telling us in the "New England Magazine" that Berlin, in slow-going Germany, has been growing more rapidly in our generation than Chicago has.

Now, we must find something more real than bigness to justify our boast, else the mammoth would outrank the thoroughbred horse of our day and the ichthyosaurus would be a greater achievement in nature than the squirrel; the ostrich would outrank the thrush and the giraffe could put on airs in the presence of the collie, the scrupulous tender of sheep, or the St. Bernard, the benign humanitarian, whose dog instincts are put to the divine uses of saving men and women from the terrors of Alpine death.

Again, I, who belonged to Chicago before the fire, who burned my shoes and nearly my feet in walking over her superheated streets after the fire, who watched with pride and sympathy her resurrection out of ashes and out of cinders, have a right to say that it is an ungrateful exaltation that claims for Chicago all the glory of this resurrection. Economically speaking, the fire was literally good luck to Chicago, not through the choosing of man, but by that foreordination of nature that sent the glacial plow tearing down through the north middle sections of the Western Hemisphere, leveling its ragged hills, scooping out its waterways and dredging its lake beds, Chicago was foreordained way back to be the metropolis of the great Mississippi basin. It could not be otherwise, and there was no way so quick, effective and economic to get rid of that overgrown, combustible village, wholly inadequate to meet the wants foreordained for it, than by fire.

It was well to clear off the site with one great blaze that man might begin again out of a more adequate sense of his opportunity. I know the price of that fire. I know many of the gray heads to-day who still survive that anguish but have never recovered from it. Individual fortunes went down, never to rise, but the impersonal city, the metropolis, profited immeasurably by the fire, and gratefully let it be said that Chicago was restored, could have been restored only by the tidal life, not even of America, but of civilization that flowed in upon us. Alas for Chicago if on its festal day its orators forget to recount the story of mankind's sympathy for man revealed by the Chicago fire. Let our children be reminded how, when Chicago lay prone in ashes, her hearts crushed by an overwhelming calamity, the great heart of modern civilization opened to her and sent from the remote corners of the globe uncounted millions, that they might succor and save. From Bombay to Hong Kong, as well as from St. Petersburg, Paris, London, New York and Boston, came as fast as steam and lightning could carry, tangible evidence of fellow feeling and of a common cause. Parsi, Buddhist, Christian and Jew mingled their sympathies and pooled their earnings for the rebuilding of Chicago. And the Chicago heart rose to its first courage, aye, perhaps to its maximum courage, the high-water mark of its energy, when it set itself to the task of distributing, applying and incorporating this outside bounty to present need and future strength of the new city. Twenty years after the fire, if not clear down to the present day, that bounty, not of Chicago, helped relieve the suffering in Chicago, as anyone who desires to consult the records of the relief and aid society will learn.

Nor is there much ground for local congratulation, still less for local confidence in the boast of present prosperity and present activity. I know how sonorous our millions sound when they decorate the graceful phrases of our holiday orators, but, alas, for orators if they do not know, and alas for us if we do not remember, that these millions are not ours or of our making. In so far as they are legitimate millions they come here in never-ceasing streams from the farms, the mines and the workshops of this great West. Our bank deposits simply mark some of the accumulated earnings of the farming men and women of the Mississippi. From Texas to Minnesota they represent that which was sought for and found in the dark bowels of the earth by the dauntless miners. It is the gold, silver, copper, iron, lead and coal found that have made Chicago wealthy and populous.

I have spoken of "legitimate" millions. There are

illegitimate millions here, accumulated as the corrupted and corrupting material accumulates in the carbuncle upon a man's neck, the product of unsanitary congestion, obstructed circulation, undue excitation; the money that has been intercepted in its lawful circulation by craft, that has been held by cunning; the millions that are here because some man or men endowed with the strength of the lion or the subtlety of the panther, have captured and hoarded it in defiance to the rights and needs of the many. These millions are a menace to Chicago to-day and will prove a curse to it.

No, our so-called wealth and prosperity discovered through the reports of our clearing-houses, our custom houses and social extravagances, do not necessarily prove present strength or future glory. All these claims, dwelt upon with such enthusiasm by our orators, could have been and doubtless were set forth each in their turn by the brave orators of Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre, Carthage and Venice, and those claims each in their turn must have been reassuring to the enthusiastic constituency that listened and responded and must have been met with loud acclaim: "Hail, Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre, Carthage or Venice, the envy of the world, the pride of its populace, the hope of mankind, the bright and permanent star in the life of the world." Where are they now? They who trusted in their commercial ascendancy, their industrial position or social standing? Let Chicago beware how it rests in these figures.

The true friend of Chicago will think of these things seriously, will anxiously watch the signs of the times and will be pained at every evidence of this false trust, this reliance upon the unstable things of history, and such a true citizen of Chicago is not to-day without his great anxieties for this proud city of the inland seas. Alas! the festival week is too recent in mind and the source of its enthusiasms too obvious. It would seem as though Chicago is in danger of being recognized in the van of this movement in the wrong direction. Is Chicago to become the banner city in this materialistic enthusiasm which carries in its wake the attendant enthusiasm for military power and geographical expansion? Are we, here in this city by the lake, a city compounded of so many diverse and aspiring elements, to lend our voices to the degenerate cry for warships and the dangerous enthusiasm for the gold lace and brass buttons so fascinating on parade, so deadly and ghastly in the line of their business.

Nothing in this world stands alone, the great city of Chicago least of all. We are no insular people here. We have no strength to boast of by contrast or in and of ourselves. We are only a part of the tiding life of the world, an expression of the great currents of the century. And this century that has written itself so grandly in many ways is in danger of clouding its brilliant record in these closing days by an awful relapse into the materialistic faiths of the past centuries, into a brutal enthusiasm for that power that is measured by its skill in killing and by its success in extending the boundaries of one kingdom or nation at the cost of another.

Chicago last week unconsciously revealed the dangerous reaction of our times, the degeneracy of her national ideals and the coldness of her own heart, when she failed to give adequate expression to the great aches at the heart of the world to-day. It gave no echo responsive to the quest of the scholar and the desire of the philanthropist or the prayer of the saintly. Let the bands play "Yankee Doodle," "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home" or "Dixie," as they please, America to-day is not in a jubilant mood, and let us thank the Lord for it. Peace is the anxious prayer, not the glad achievements of the closing days of this century.

Eighty-five thousand dollars for holiday display in Chicago! One million dollars' worth of red fire to welcome home the brave Dewey in New York City! But these will not long divert the public mind from the awful but inspiring questions that lie heavily upon the conscience of the world to-day. Not the burden of the white man, but the burden of humanity, is Chicago's great inheritance, in which lies her right to be and her hope for the future. If Chicago is on saving ground, and if it has a holy future, it is because it rests its hope on something deeper than military achievements and because it has a yearning more profound than for the wealth that lies in the gold mines of Alaska or the tropic valleys of the Philippines, and credentials more lasting than her stocks and bonds. Chicago cannot always forget the faces of the dead who have died in trying to establish their liberty and independence, nay, in trying to defend their homes and their God-given rights on the other side of the globe, and that they came to their death at the hands of brave men and true sent out by those who, under the flag of our republic, have forgotten for the time being its history and thereby have betrayed its claim of democracy and its traditions of freedom. Chicago nor the bigger country and the world cannot permanently hide this atrocity under any high-sounding race philosophy that will justify the ruthless invasion of far-off corners of the world by some self-appointed, predominant race claim, some Anglo-Saxon boast of superiority. We cannot forget this morning how this same arrogant philosophy by which we would justify the slaughter of the brown man in the Philippines, in the mouth of our lustier Anglo-Saxon brother, justifies to-day his invasion upon the territory of the white man of the Transvaal, where England is seeking to establish property rights and adjust the privileges of the ballot by the demoralizing bullet. Let England's claim in South Africa and the United States' claim in the Philippines be what they may; let our wrongs be many and our rights be great, it still is true that claims cannot be adjusted, wrongs cannot be righted and rights cannot be established in this world any longer by the perpetration of more wrongs and by greater, grosser encroachments upon the rights of others. If there ever was a period in the world's history when two political wrongs made a right, that time has gone by. England has no rights in South Africa and the United States has no rights in the Philippine archipelago that cannot be adequately protected and in due time permanently established by the power of diplomacy, the adjustments of trade and the benignant persuasion of justice when its appeal is vocalized in terms of reason and presented in the spirit of fair play, and with the diligence and persistence taught by science.

We missed, in the Chicago celebration, these higher notes of peace and the inspirations coming from an acknowledgement of the far-off claims of universal brotherhood.

Has the holy congress at The Hague been forgotten? Has the benignant light on the face of the young Czar of Russia and the beautiful young Queen of Holland shed no radiance upon our streets that outshines the bewitching lights of the Court of Honor?

What, then, is the fitting word for Chicago in this, its anniversary hour? Across the weary centuries comes the voice of the prophet as he stood by the long-neglected sanctities of Jerusalem and spoke to the preoccupied builders of a commercial city. It is a word which carries a fitting message to Chicago at this time: "Is it a time for you yourselves to dwell in your ceiled houses while this house lieth waste?"

No city or nation was ever made great by individual wealth or by the pre-eminnce of a few. The President of the United States belongs to all the people. Only in so far as he carries the burdens of the whole people on his heart is he great or equal to his position. And Chicago is only a part, a dependent fragment, of this

great people, and only in so far as it bends itself to the solution of these great national and international problems will it deserve well at the hands of its fellows and make itself a place in the history of the world. The weal of the millionaire in his "ceiled house" on the avenue is inseparably connected with the well-being of the hectic toiler in the sweatshop on the West Side alley. The purity and sanctity of the millionaire's wife and daughter are somehow thrown by God into the same pan that weighs the purity and sanctity of the woman who traffics in her virtue and lives in those Chicago districts not to be mentioned, where parades do not go and which are never shown to our visiting guests.

There is a neglected temple in Chicago and in the United States. It is the temple of sobriety, of public spirit, the temple of the commonwealth, built out of and for the things we own, love and cherish together.

Our claim to respect and confidence is measured not by our bank deposits, but by the enthusiasm, unity and lofty aims of her people, the harmony that obtains between the favored and the less favored, the equity that binds together the employer and the employe.

What Wallace has shown to be true of our century is pre-eminently true of Chicago. Our moral and spiritual growth have not kept pace with our material triumphs. Chicago has survived the fire, has lived long enough to build a Masonic Temple and an Auditorium, but as yet, in the roll of earth's immortals, the great souls that can be seen across continents, over seas and through the generations, has Chicago one name to offer? Name me, who will, a deathless Chicago name in the realm of poetry, science, art or prophecy. Where is our immortal statesman or our great educator or philanthropist? Among business men has Chicago a name to put alongside of the quaint Girard of Philadelphia, the benignant Peter Cooper of New York, Peabody of Baltimore, the Quincys or Adamses of Boston? Illinois, indeed, has its Lincoln and its Grant, but Chicago had little part in them.

Chicago can no longer be measured by provincial standards or estimated by the narrow bounds of parties or even race. Charles Sumner, John Bright, Wendell Phillips, Emerson, Longfellow, Fulton, Morse, Edison —these belong to the world. Where is a man for Chicago to put into that list? Call the list of the great lovers of men, the mighty hearts that have been furnaces of love—Samuel G. Howe, Dorothea Dix, Theodore Parker, Henry Ward Beecher, Phillips Brooks. Has Chicago a name to put into this list? We have heard this week of the "young giant," the Chicago University. It is a promising youth, but let us remember that over there in Oxford, Edinburgh, Berlin, Paris and the great university centers of Europe—they are watching Chicago and they do not care a button about the number of millions that have been contributed or even the size or number of our buildings or the attractiveness of our college grounds. They are waiting to see whether our multi-million endowments will produce brains. They are waiting for masters in thought, discoverers in science, explorers in the realms of the real, and all this is as yet an unsolved problem in the history of Chicago. Is it too soon for all this? Let us hope so. Though great souls are often born out of meager surroundings, at least let us remember that as the twig is bent the tree will incline.

No one will accuse me of taking churches as the adequate measure of religion or the religious spirit, but that there is a connection between the two none will deny. What can we say of the churches of Chicago this far? Not much except that they have been fertile training schools for the preachers who had to go elsewhere to find an appreciation or field for the powers that were theirs. Call the roll of the ministers that Chicago would not support, did not appreciate and could not use. (I mean, of course, the moral and spiritual support.) See how we rank in this field with our neighbors and sometimes alleged rivals? What has become of our Gibson, Lorimer, Collyer, Striker, Herford, McPherson, Thomas Hall, Minot J. Savage, Gifford and many more I might name? They were not lured from Chicago by eastern money. They did not go from here because they lacked nerve or because they were wanting in vision or fervor, but in most cases because they missed the backing of consecration, generosity and co-operation which would enable them to lend out their lives at their maximum of usefulness and power.

"Is this a time for you yourselves to dwell in your ceiled houses while this house lieth waste?" Our public schools, distracted by internal politics, oftentimes of an ignoble and selfish character; our churches, as I showed a week ago, at least the Protestant, migrating around the circumference in search of wealth and fashionable patronage, while the heart of our city is given over to commercialism during daylight and crime during night. Not a place in the heart of this great metropolis where the people may rally for inspiration or counsel except by permission of some private corporation or individual man.

In the great crisis in English history, when freedom and conscience found themselves in conflict with the luxury and indolence of Charles I, Pym and Hampden brought before the House of Commons and secured the passage of the "Grand Remonstrance," containing two hundred and four counts against the wicked administration, and in favor of reform, Cromwell, on leaving the House, said: "Had that been rejected I would have sold to-morrow all I possessed and left England forever."

Let the wealthy men of Chicago, the patriots of this city, the philanthropists and educators, aye, the common citizen, without the adjective, mark well the Cromwellian spirit. Unless we lay hold and build anew this neglected temple of the community life, detect the difference between private luxury and public wealth, we had all better leave Chicago to the disgrace and degradation that are inevitable for it.

But we will not leave Chicago. There is hope and there is life. The lamented E. G. Mason, our historian, who perhaps in the future will be known as one of our most eminent men, proved that the patient, suffering Father Marquette spent his last winter on earth, the winter of 1674 and 1675, two hundred and twenty-five years ago, here on the banks of the Chicago River, where now the great city stands. Father Marquette was a missionary with the valor of Paul and the sweetness of Jesus. After describing the journey that led him to what he called the "Illinois Lake," speaking of the "fertility of the land, its wide prairies, its precious weeds, wild cattle, stag, deer, wildcats, bustards, swans, ducks, parrots and even beavers, with the many little lakes and rivers, as surpassing anything" that he had ever seen before, he said:

"Had all this voyage caused but the salvation of a single soul, I should deem all my fatigue well repaid; and this I have reason to think, for when I was returning, I passed by the Indians of Peoria. I was three days announcing the faith in all their cabins, after which, as we were embarking, they brought me on the water's edge a dying child, which I baptized a little before it expired, by an admirable providence for the salvation of that innocent soul."

The spirit of the holy father has never wholly deserted this river bank. It is here now, and it will assert itself and will labor until the neglected temple is builded out of loving souls and the city rests on public-spirited individuals who live ashamed of the wealth that is not in the service of the public and who remember that they will die in disgrace, however wealthy, who have not contributed something real, something tangible toward the deathless walls of the spiritual temple of the city of Chicago, the temple of justice, equity, simplicity, sobriety, the temple of intelligence and kindness, the temple of fellowship and freedom.

The Study Table.

"American Lands and Letters."*

The second volume of Mitchell's "American Lands and Letters" is a recent issue of the Scribner's. Like the first volume, it is a heavy book to hold but a pleasant one to read. The arm aches holding it, but the book itself is never tiresome. The first volume, it will be remembered, gave the history of American letters from the Mayflower to Rip Van Winkle. This completes the record to Poe's Raven. A third, inchoate now in a "great welter of provisionary notes," may perhaps come later to print, although this volume closes ominously with Poe's wailing dirge, "Never More." I have said it is a heavy book, still it is not a profound book, not critical or deeply interpretive. The author's task was simple—to survey the American land and the field of letters and to tell again the story of its authors. The material is, of course, generally well known and the special charm of an old tale must lie in the manner of the telling. In this case a "grayhead," during a June day, in a corner of Edgewood, tells the life story of American authors to certain grandchildren that live—so the dedication runs—"on the shores of that great lake where they build cities and burn them, and build exhibition palaces (which outshine all exhibits)." The account is then simple, graceful, garrulous at times, as becomes a "grayhead," with a flavor of reminiscence and suggestive of old intimacies, kindly disposed to grant everyone his due—not excepting Poe—and not a little archaic, as appears from the use of words practically obsolete, as "roof-tree," "odd-whiles" and the like. The narrative does not pretend to be critical, though critical ability is shown in the way the less is subordinated to the greater, or to be interpretive, howbeit an occasional comment reveals the author's interpretive insight, or to be broadly historical, though there is atmosphere enough to give his characters their due setting and environment. Mr. Mitchell seems to like forgotten men, like Sylvester Judd, to whom six pages are given. He warms toward book lovers like Dr. Joseph Cogswell. He likes, too, a picturesque figure for delineation, like N. P. Willis, and is not a little enamored of men with fighting qualities, such as Bushnell or Theodore Parker. Hawthorne receives his due by occupying the central place and the longest chapter; with him Mitchell had personal connection, and the older man is thus described by the younger at their meeting in 1853: "Mr. Hawthorne was then nearing fifty—strong, erect, broad-shouldered, alert—his abundant hair touched with gray, his features all cast in Greek mold and his fine eyes full of searchingness, and yet of kindliness; his voice deep, with a weighty, resounding quality, as if bearing echoes of things unspoken; no arrogance, no assurance even, but rather there hung about his manner and his speech a cloud of self-distrust, of *mal-aise*, as if he were on the defensive in respect of his own quietudes, and determined to rest there." Such passages of first-hand description give to the book its chief value, for this is what no one else can do so well. In the way of deeper utterance there is nothing in the volume more freighted with truth than an estimate of Thoreau, which thus concludes: "The same unique interest belongs to the blare of Whitman, to the crookedest things of Browning, to Carlyle at his ugliest. These men do not train in bands; they are not the safest of critics; they do not set up as exemplars in young ladies' colleges; they do not adorn the anthologies of Miss Prim and of teachers. But they are alive; they think; they break rules—but they also break tedium, and stupid meandering in the light of my lady's grammatic enforcements. They have pulse and a buoyant life, that engages." While recognizing the merit of the rugged men there is no lack of appreciation of writers of finer temper, like Longfellow. Yet Longfellow's failure to translate Dante is not inaptly described: "The delicate verse of Longfellow seems to me to glide over the passionate, divinely wrought lines of the Italian as a skater glides over ice—nowhere cutting to the depths—nowhere breaking through the rhetorical crust, under which the floods riot and writhe." Holmes seems to be rightly understood and the Autocrat is placed by the side of Montaigne, Goldsmith and Lamb, on a low shelf within easy reach. An acute remark is made earlier in the history respecting Holmes' biography of Emerson, to the effect that a lithe and witty Montaigne cannot measure a broad-shouldered Plato—he himself bubbles up through all the chinks of the story and makes us forget the subject in the narrator. But, after all, this is not so bad. I confess to have received pleasure in genial "Ik Marvel's" company, and there is no reason he should not be as wise and witty as he can be. One hundred and fifteen illustrations add to one's interest here. On the whole, it is a book to recommend to all for reading, that our own Americanism may be understood and respected. Our schools give too little attention to our own land and literature—this is a book that will correct one's impressions.

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

*"American Lands and Letters," Vol. II. Leather Stocking to Poe's Raven. By Donald G. Mitchell. Scribner's. $1.50.

Heart of Man.*

Mr. Woodberry does not appear to have as rare a gift for direct self-expression as for literary criticism. His book derives its title from the fact that it attempts to illustrate how poetry, politics, and religion are all flowerings from "the general heart of man." The first one seems to be more remote from his general intention than the others. It is "Taormina," an esthetic and ethical rhapsody on the town of that name in Sicily, the ancient Tauromenium, which has had a history some 2,500 years long, and an extremely varied one. There is much that is beautiful and suggestive in this essay. The next one, however, "A New Defense of Poetry," is much more important. The ground of the defense is that poetry is not so different from science as we have thought. This may commend it less to the poetic than to some others, but the essay contains much that is interesting and suggestive. The subject of the third essay is Democracy, and the treatment is very loftily ideal, but so optimistic that some of the expressions sound strangely ironical in the face of such events as are now taking place. For example, one of our national traits is supposed to be "a commiseration for all unfortunate peoples and warm sympathy with them in their struggles," a tribute on which the Philippine business makes its bloody comment. The last essay, "The Ride," is so called because it sets a study of religion in a frame of personal experience—a ride in the Far West. Mr. Woodberry shows abundant lack of humor here, so much better employed would he have been in observing the novel landscape than in reading his notes on religion to his young friend. The notes are but indifferently good, at one point recommending the sacrifice of personal conviction upon the altar of ecclesiastical conformity, but in a rather shame-faced manner.

*Heart of Man. By George Edward Woodberry. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1899.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Let life be one of perpetual growth,
Of heavenward enterprise.
MON.—The world is too much with us.
TUES.—Better to thank a dear and long-past day
For joys its sunny hours were free to give,
Than blame the present that our wish hath crost.
WED.—Be strong in faith, bid anxious thoughts be still.
THURS.—The light of duty shines on every day.
FRI.—Peace settles where the intellect is meek,
The faith of Heaven strengthens where He molds the creed.
SAT.—Take courage and withdraw yourself from ways that run not parallel to nature's course.

—*William Wordsworth.*

Dropped Stitches.

I dropped a stitch in my knitting
As I sat at work one day,
And it seemed such a little matter
I sang as I worked away.
But lo, when my work was finished,
I saw with infinite pain
The stitch I had missed in the morning
Had rendered it all in vain!
That all of my perfect stitches
Were useless because of one;
That one little flaw had cost me
The loss of my heart's "Well done!"

Just so it is in our lives, dear,
But the stitches dropped, ah me!
Are part of the soul's own garment
We weave for eternity.
The stitch of unbridled passions,
Of an evil, bitter thought,
The stitch of neglected duties
Are into the pattern wrought!
The stitch of the first cigar, lad,
The stitch of your first strong drink,
And the work of your life is ruined—
Does it pay, dear, do you think?
Alas! for the stitch unheeded,
Ah me, for the mischief done,
For the glad hopes of the morning,
For heartache at set of sun!

—*Selected.*

A Tree of Life.

A Harvest Parable written for "Unity Items," of Neponset, Mass.

In a certain New England sea coast town there was, until a few years since, an old abandoned farm. Once it had been sightly, and famous for its fruits; but, like everything else about the place, the house had begun to collapse, moss had gathered on the few remaining shingles, and the orchards had gone to decay. The farm, in this pathetic aspect of its history, seemed only typical of the career of its past occupants. The man and his wife came there quarreling, and in a few years their only child ran away to the city and was never heard from again. Matters went from bad to worse, the woman more of a scold and the man more shiftless until, finally, she died, and he was taken to the poor-house. The only vigorous and redeeming thing about the desolate place was a young pear tree which, somehow, had started upon its life in an out-of-the-way corner. It had come to the interesting period of growth when it was bearing a few fair but nubbly pears that blushed in the autumn sun—possibly because they were not fit to eat.

Just at this time another couple, more like a pair of lovers than ordinary married folks, bought the farm, repaired the buildings, and came there to live. The way these new inhabitants conducted themselves as they sat on the old rustic seat near the pear tree, perhaps, made the nubbly pears blush.

"How ridiculous!" said a gossiping neighbor. "I see 'em set there, he with his arm 'round her, an' she lookin' softly first at him an' then at the baby."

"An' they all of forty if they're a day," said another.

"Yes,' an that's the very seat where ol' Miss' Gimps used to make Gimps set when she got mad with him!" a chorus of neighbors ejaculated.

The Gimps' were the former occupants of the farm.

* * *

When the little pears on the pear tree blushed, the new owner happened to be looking up in that direction over the bit of ribbon in his wife's hair, and the leaves on the tree trembled as if they beheld fate in his look.

The next day all the branches save one were lopped off and the bleeding stumps of the limbs were seared over with wax, into which some pencil-like twigs were stuck.

The two little pears left alone on the remaining limb quarreled as to whose fault caused all this disaster to the tree. Finally they came to blows in the wind, and they, too, fell to the ground, where they were frost-bitten.

* * *

But time went on, and when, another October, the fond husband and wife were watching their sturdy boy at play "harvesting," near the old seat behind the new house, they could not help noticing the great contrast between the abundant mellow pears that now hung from the grafted branches and the scattered and puckering fruit that hung from the old branch. But what their eyes beheld was nothing to what they might have witnessed of the tree's social life at midnight, if they understood the deaf and dumb language of pears.

"Get off this tree; you're crowding me!" said a sour-faced pear, where a couple grew on the old branch together. Then three scatterings, with worms eating at their hearts, laughed in wrinkled, withering mockery, and engaged in gossip about their fairer neighbors on the grafted limbs.

"See how puffed up that fat pear is, on the upper graft," said one.

"An' will ye look at the pair o' pears sweet on each other, over there on the west side!" insinuated another,

"It makes me sick to see 'pairs' so sappy," said the dried-up old joker as he wagged over the old rustic seat.

How often folks are envious and loveless when they are not on visiting terms with their neighbors. The good-natured pears on the grafts had tried to be social. In this they were like the new master and mistress, and the "natural fruit" was like the Gimps, full of strife, jealousies, division and envyings. Well might the stunted nubbins refer to the luscious couple which grew and kept a cozy little green lodge of a home, where their rosy cheeks were daily kissed by the sun. They were beauties, the embodied examples of all sweetness and cheerfulness. And when they were sent to the horticultural exhibition, along with the hard, sour couple from "the branch," as samples from the same tree, the judge remarked, as he awarded the prize to the beauties:

"The same underlying life nourished all; but how much more fortunate it is to grow on the better grafts of the Tree of Life!"

Why not graft the spirit of Christ on your life? The fruit of that spirit is love, joy, peace, kindness, goodness and faithfulness.—*G. E. Littlefield.*

UNITY

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Los Angeles, Cal.—The movement toward bringing Rev. J. S. Thomson (late of Unity Church, Chicago) back to Los Angeles has culminated in the organization of a new "Independent Church of Christ," which for the present will hold its services in Simpson Tabernacle.

Chicago, Unity Church.—Rev. J. S. Thomson of Los Angeles, Rev. Robert Collyer Douthit of Petersham, Mass., and Mr. Utter (formerly of the First Unitarian Church) have taken turns at occupying the pulpit of Unity Church this fall. Next Sunday one of the recent arrivals from Scotland, a Mr. Lazenby, is to preach, and on October 29th the congregation is to have the privilege of hearing Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham (of New Bedford, Mass.).

Personal.—Mrs. Edwin Markham, herself a writer of "clever short stories and the author of numerous text-books used in the schools of California," is about to join her husband in New York, which is henceforth to be their home. It is interesting further to note that the picture which inspired the famous poem, "The Man with a Hoe" is the property of Mrs. William Crocker of San Francisco, and that Mr. Markham began his lines when first the picture was seen, some fourteen years ago.

Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday-Schools.—The evening of October 3d found eleven Sunday-schools represented at the nineteenth meeting, held at All Souls Church. The topic of the evening was "A Six Years' Course," but the speaker—Jenkin Lloyd Jones—really told of a seven years' course of study and of some of the ways in which he has succeeded in making such a course impressive to young and old. A further report of this meeting will be given in a later issue.

An American Academy.—The Literary Life of New York is balloting for the forty great men of the country. Thus far the following names lead their respective groups: Historians, John Bach McMasters, with John Fiske hard after him; essayists, T. W. Higginson; publicists, Theodore Roosevelt; philanthropists, Andrew Carnegie; educators, Andrew D. White; novelists, W. D. Howells; poets, Edmund Clarence Stedman; critics, Hamilton Mabie; journalists, E. L. Godkin; ecclesiastics, Bishop Potter; scientists, Thomas A. Edison; painters, William M. Chase; sculptors, Augustus St. Gaudens.

Bloomington, Ill.—Annual conference of the Unitarian and other independent societies. Tuesday, October 24—3 p. m., ministers' meeting. 1. Some practical problems. 2. Short book reviews. 8 p. m.—Annual sermon, Rev. C. F. Elliott of Hinsdale. Wednesday, October 25—9:30 a. m., business session; president's address; appointment of committees; reports of officers; reports of societies. 10:30 a. m., "Our Missionary Opportunity," 1. "Our National Field," Rev. Paul Frothingham of New Bedford, Mass., representative of the American Unitarian Association. 2. "Our Opportunity in the West," Rev. F. C. Southworth of Chicago, secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference. 3. "A Summer Encampment," Rev. Jasper L. Douthit, Shelbyville. 4. "An Opportunity for State Work," Rev. E. E. Carr, Danville. 12:00, devotional meeting, Rev. George R. Gebauer, Alton, Ill. 1 p. m., luncheon served in the church. 2:30 p. m., "The Use of Pictures and Lantern Slides in Church Work," Rev. C. E. Park, Geneva; discussion opened by Rev. W. W. Fenn, Chicago. 3:30 p. m., business session. 1. Reports of committees. 2. Election of Officers. 3. General business. 4 p. m., paper by Prof. George P. Brown, Bloomington, "The Psychology of Suggestion." 8 p. m., illustrated lecture, "The Rise of Unitarianism," Rev. W. W. Fenn, Chicago.

Unitarian.—The secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference accepts gratefully the invitation of UNITY to use its columns. The secretary during the first week and a half of his service has been in personal consultation with the trustees of seven vacant churches; has attended the Iowa Conference at Omaha and brought the greetings of the Western Conference, and has preachd in Toledo, Minneapolis and Winona. October 15 he is to supply the vacant pulpit at Cleveland, on his way to the National Conference at Washington; and on his return will preach at Meadville, Pa, and meet the students there. After that the state conferences will come on in quick succession, and will demand the secretary's time for the whole of two weeks at least. Illinois holds its annual conference at Bloomington, October 24 and 25; Minnesota, at Duluth, October 26 to 27; Wisconsin, at Janesville, October 31 to November 2; Michigan, at Kalamazoo, November 2 and 3. Rev. Paul Frothingham of New Bedford, Mass., will bring the greetings of the American Unitarian Association to these conferences, and will preach in Unity Church, Chicago, October 29. Rev. Albert Lazenby of Glasgow, Scotland, will occupy the pulpit of that church October 22, and, it is hoped, will be heard in others of our churches in the West. The pulpit of the Third Church has been supplied by Mr. Jennings of Toledo, Mr. Gould and Mrs. Woolley. To fill the pulpits of the vacant churches with live, energetic ministers is the most pressing duty of the present time. F. C. S.

Desirable Lectures Within Reach.—Rev. J. T. Sunderland has just returned from California, and will spend October and November in Chicago and vicinity. Until December 1 he will be open to engagements to preach, or to lecture or speak before women's clubs or other organizations. He offers the following subjects:

1. "The Religion of Kipling."
2. "Robert Ingersoll."
3. "Emerson."
4. "If I Were Twenty."
5. "The Bible in the Light of To-day."
6. "Immortality in the Light of Evolution."
7. "Some World-Aspects of the Temperance Problem."
8. "True Expansion, or How to Make Our Country Great and Glorious."
9. "In Florence with Dante, Savanarola and the Brownings."
10. "With Jesus at the Beautiful Sea, or Idyllic Days in Galilee."

Also the following lectures, finely illustrated, with stereopticon views:

1. "Through Palestine on Horseback."
2. "Two Weeks in Jerusalem Amid the Festivities of Palm Sunday and Easter."
3. "Picturesque India—Cities and City Life; Villages and Village Life; Traveling in the Jungles and Climbing the Himalayas."
4. "Historic and Religious India. Delhi the Magnificent; Benares, the Sacred City; Temples, Mosques, Palaces and Pilgrims; Ruins, the Most Vast and Splendid in the World."

Mr. Sunderland's address is 287 E. Forty-first street, or Unitarian Rooms, 175 Dearborn street.

Books Received.

"Bringing Up Boys." A Study by Kate Upson Clark. Thomas G. Crowell & Co. pp. 227. 50 cents.

"Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen." Small Maynard & Co. Boston. pp. 285. $1.25.

PAMPHLETS.

"Annual Catalogue of the Meadville Theological School For the Year 1898-99."

"Treasurer's Report of the Meadville Theological School." August, 1899.

Love Came to Me.

Love came to me when I was young;
He brought me songs, he brought me flowers;
Love wooed me lightly, trees among,
And dallied under scented bowers;
And loud he carolled, "Love is king!"
For he was riotous as spring,
And careless of the hours,—
When I was young.

Love lingered near when I grew old;
He brought me light from stars above;
And consolations manifold
He fluted to me like a dove;
And Love leaned out of Paradise
And gently kissed my faded eyes
And whispered, "God is love,"
When I grew old.

—Francis Howard Williams, in The New Century Journal.

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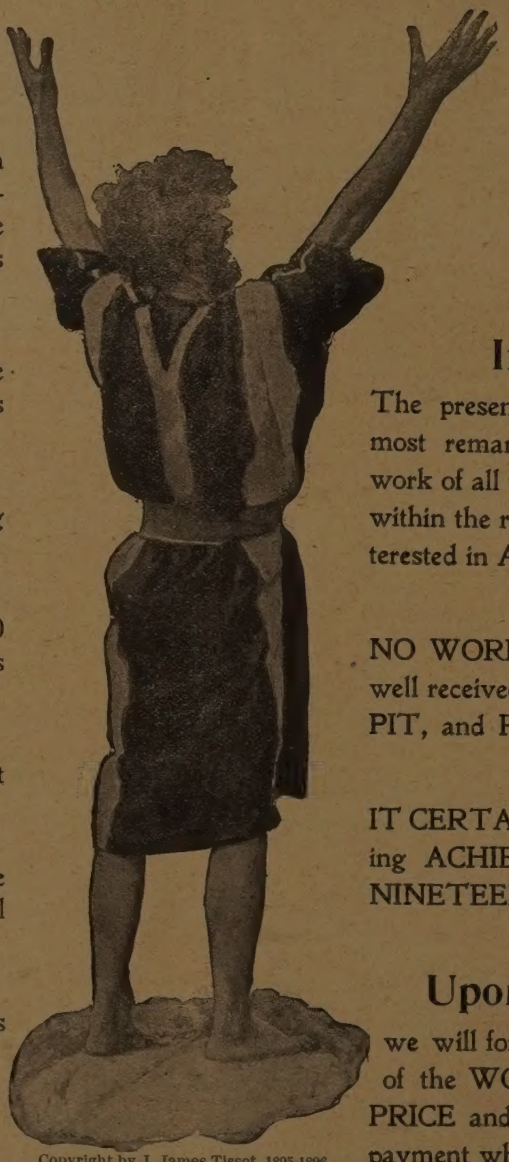

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2. The Original Bible.
3. Bible and History.
4. Bible and Prophecy.
5. Beliefs About God.
6. Messianic Expectations.
7. The Time of Jesus and the Influences of Jesus on His Time.
8. How the New Testament Grew.
9. The Bible as Poetry and Literature. A Review.

Of the many commendatory words received from the READERS OF UNITY, the following are typical:

From St. Anthony Park, Minn.:

"I take this opportunity of assuring you of the great pleasure and satisfaction I have had from the series of lectures on the Bible this summer. I hope we shall have more of the same kind. They are greatly needed."

From Cedar Rapids, Iowa:

"Wherever the Unity has carried them, I think these lectures must have made a very favorable impression and that many would like to have them in a more permanent form. They present the subject in a very pleasing manner and the simple directness of Mr. Sheldon in this age of extravagant and stilted expression is very gratifying."

From Manchester, N. H.:

"I find myself much interested in the lectures on the history of the Bible, and having read the third one write to ask you to put aside for me copies of Unity containing them until such date as I shall remit their price. If I could have had these lectures sixty or seventy years ago they would have saved some hard thinking."

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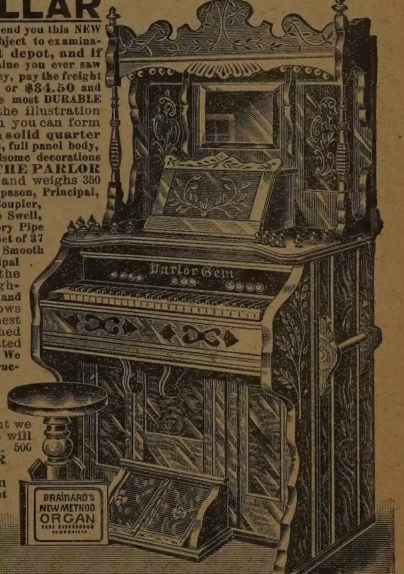

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